

SYLVIA. Wonderful idea. I'll be at the ol' machine if you need me! (*She exits into the bedroom.*)

BRIDGET. (*to herself*) Wonderful.

(**BRIDGET** crosses to the front door and opens it. In the doorway is **HEATHER**, a young, bubblegum chewing 'spokeswoman' for Saucy Lips. She is clad – if one can call it that – in a fun mish-mosh of denim, fishnet and 100% American-grown cotton. **HEATHER** should look as if she might charge a fair hourly rate. **BRIDGET** slams the door, and leans against it.)

BRIDGET. Ok. Let me try that again.

(*opens the door*)

HEATHER. Hiya. (*blows a bubble*)

BRIDGET. We don't want any.

HEATHER. What?

BRIDGET. You're not a friend of my grandmother's are you?

HEATHER. Not yet, Sweet Cheeks.

BRIDGET. Sorry. Uh – do you have the right – are you a...? – We didn't – How may I help you?

HEATHER. What's your name?

BRIDGET. Bridget...

HEATHER. Cool. Hey, Bridget, is this Saucy Slips, Etc?

BRIDGET. No it is not! What on earth are you talking about? What's that? (*Laughs awkwardly. Stops abruptly. Beat. Leans in, whispering.*) Why, did someone say something to you?

HEATHER. I'm looking for Sylvia Charles.

BRIDGET. Never heard of her. Well! – nice talking to you.

(**BRIDGET** tries to shut the door. **HEATHER** stops it from closing with her high-heeled foot.)

Start



HEATHER. Easy, Tiger - You're gonna scuff the patent leather. I gotta talk to Sylvia - It's about a business matter.

BRIDGET. I don't think she's your type.

HEATHER. You're cute. I don't have a type. Mind if I come in?

BRIDGET. Now's not really a -

SYLVIA. (*entering from bedroom*) Who is it, Muffin Top? Oh, a guest - how nice!

HEATHER. Mind if I come in, lady?

SYLVIA. Not at all. Make yourself at home. Bridgie, is this young woman a friend of yours?

BRIDGET. Where did I put that bottle of vodka?

SYLVIA. Can I get you a drink?

HEATHER. No thank you. I never drink on the job - I take it you're - ?

BRIDGET. (*running over to HEATHER with a Bloody Mary*) Mary. Bloody Mary. With some celery. It's really good in the early afternoon...

HEATHER. No. I'm on the clock. (*blows a bubble*) And I got gum.

SYLVIA. Where do you work, Miss - (*whispering*) Bridget, what's your friend's name?

BRIDGET. Nana. I don't know who she is.

HEATHER. My name's Heather VanPree -

BRIDGET. Nana! We have things we have to do. Our deadline, remember? (*to SYLVIA, whispering*) We don't know who she is, Nana. She could be an undercover cop or something. (*to HEATHER.*) We're busy.

HEATHER. I'm not staying long, Sparky! I only want to know if this very nice relative of yours is Sylvia Charles.

BRIDGET. No! Who's that?

SYLVIA. (*overlapping*) I am! This is wonderful, how on earth did you know that? – Are you here about Saucy Slips?

BRIDGET. Nana!?

SYLVIA. I'm afraid I don't really cater to young women, but Bridget that is no reason to do such a poor job welcoming her.

HEATHER. I am here about Saucy Slips, actually. But –

BRIDGET. We're closed right now. (*She hoists HEATHER up from the couch.*) Our business hours have changed. Now we're only open February 29th, so come back in four years and we'll accommodate you as best we can.

SYLVIA. Bridget, behave. Heather, how can we help you?

HEATHER. Well, I kind of like the number your assistant here is wearing – a little loose up top for ya though, huh?

BRIDGET. Funny! Why are you here?

SYLVIA. If you don't work on your customer relations, I'm demoting you to the bedroom, young lady.

HEATHER. I understand you two are busy, (*She glares at BRIDGET.*) so I'll just put it all out there –

BRIDGET. (*muttering*) More?

HEATHER. I work for Saucy Lips.

SYLVIA. For whom?

HEATHER. Saucy Lips – you know, "Boldly going where no lips have gone before."

SYLVIA. Oh dear. I mean – 'Oh yes'!

HEATHER. My boss sent me down here because we got some of your boxes delivered to our company, and we figured you might have got ours.

SYLVIA. Why, this is wonderful!

BRIDGET. Yay. Wonderful! You can take your boxes and go!

SYLVIA. Great idea, Corn Bread, grab her flyers while I find the rest of Heather's things!

(**BRIDGET** starts pulling *Saucy Lips paraphernalia* out from beneath the couch cushions while **SYLVIA** crosses to the door and tilts the coat rack. The bookshelf on the other side of the door swings open, revealing **SYLVIA**'s *Pink collection*. **HEATHER** watches, amazed.)

HEATHER. Who pimped out your apartment, lady?

SYLVIA. A bootlegger.

BRIDGET. This place has a rich history of—

SYLVIA. — Revelries.

BRIDGET. — Illicit behavior. (*she runs to the front door with boxes and puts them out in the hallway*)

HEATHER. Did you design all these?

SYLVIA. Of course I did! I made them, too.

HEATHER. What about the ones in your boxes we got by mistake?

SYLVIA. My design, but a company I found did the sewing for those.

HEATHER. Your stitching here is just amazing.

SYLVIA. You sew?

HEATHER. Of course I sew! Who doesn't?

BRIDGET. I don't. (*she runs and puts more of HEATHER's boxes in the hallway, eager for their guest to leave*)

HEATHER. Listen, Sylvia, I got to ask you — what's the deal with her?

SYLVIA. Who, Bridget? That's another one of my designs! Bridget was trying on an outfit I made for the website I'm putting together.

HEATHER. (*Lighting up immediately. Very sincerely as she blows a bubble.*) I've always wanted to be a model!

BRIDGET. If that's the case, why don't you hire her while we're here?

SYLVIA. What a good idea! She should see everything, first, though.

(SYLVIA begins going around the room activating all of the tricked out gizmos in her apartment. The fireplace, closet, bookshelf and portrait hiding places are all revealed. BRIDGET follows behind her, closing them all.)

BRIDGET. You didn't see anything. This was all a bad dream. *(trying to hypnotize HEATHER)*

HEATHER. *(ignores BRIDGET)* This is amazing! You run the entire store right from your apartment?

SYLVIA. I do indeed.

HEATHER. This is a much better setup than where I work. *(Chewing her bubble gum rapidly – the harder she chews, the more intensely she is thinking.)* How much do you pay your help? How much is she paying you, Sunshine?

BRIDGET. I'm getting paid in love, burnt cookies and a light prison sentence.

SYLVIA. I don't have help you see. Just Bridget who's here for the summer and –

VERA. *(grand entrance through the front door)* Parked it!

SYLVIA. ...And Vera.

VERA. Who's that and where are her clothes?

SYLVIA. Vera, this is someone from Saucy Lips.

VERA. What?

BRIDGET. *(She is deaf.)* Saucy Lips. She made those flyers you liked so much. Drink?

VERA. Yes.

BRIDGET. Where did you end up parking the car?

VERA. By the clock outside the zoo entrance.

BRIDGET. The Delacorte clock? You mean you parked it on 65th?

VERA. No, I mean I parked it underneath the clock.

End

